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The Poetry by

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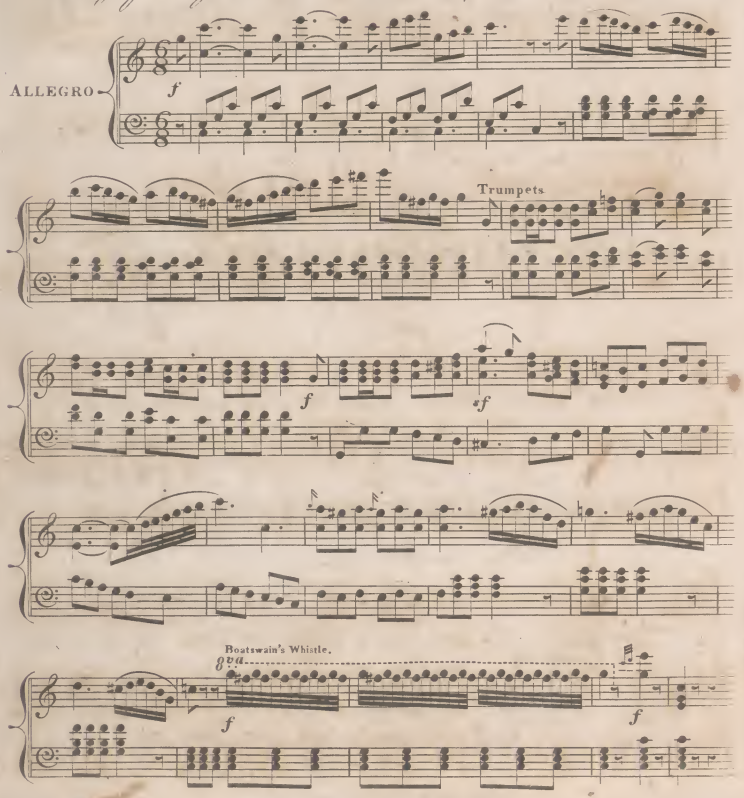
THE SEA.

The Poetry by Barry Cornwall. The Music by The Chevalier L. Neukomm



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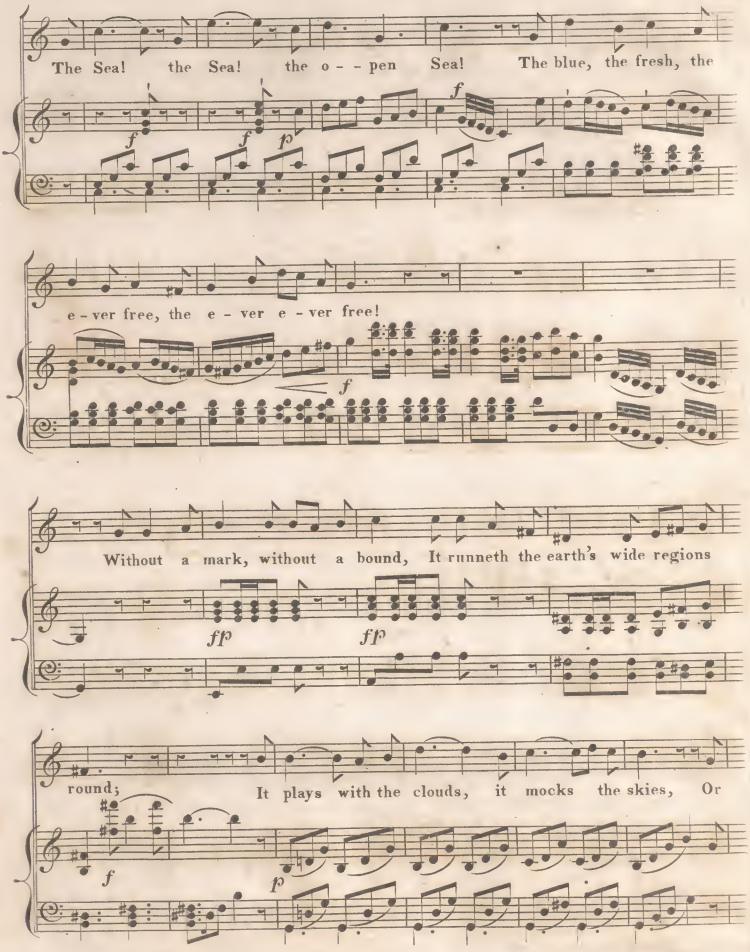
The Sea! the Sea! the o - - pen Sea! The blue, the fresh, the
e - ver free, the e - ver e - ver free!
Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the earth's wide regions
round; It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, Or

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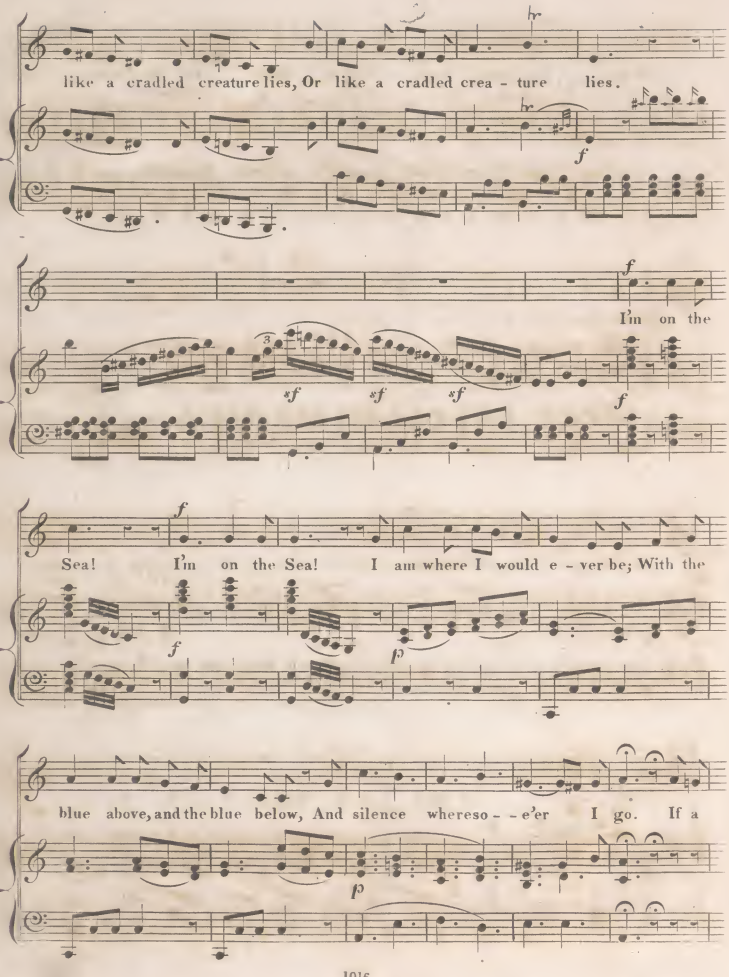
like a cradled creature lies, Or like a cradled crea - ture lies.
f
I'm on the
sf
sf
sf
f
Sea! I'm on the Sea! I am where I would e - ver be; With the
f
f
p
blue above, and the blue below, And silence whereso - - e'er I go. If a
p

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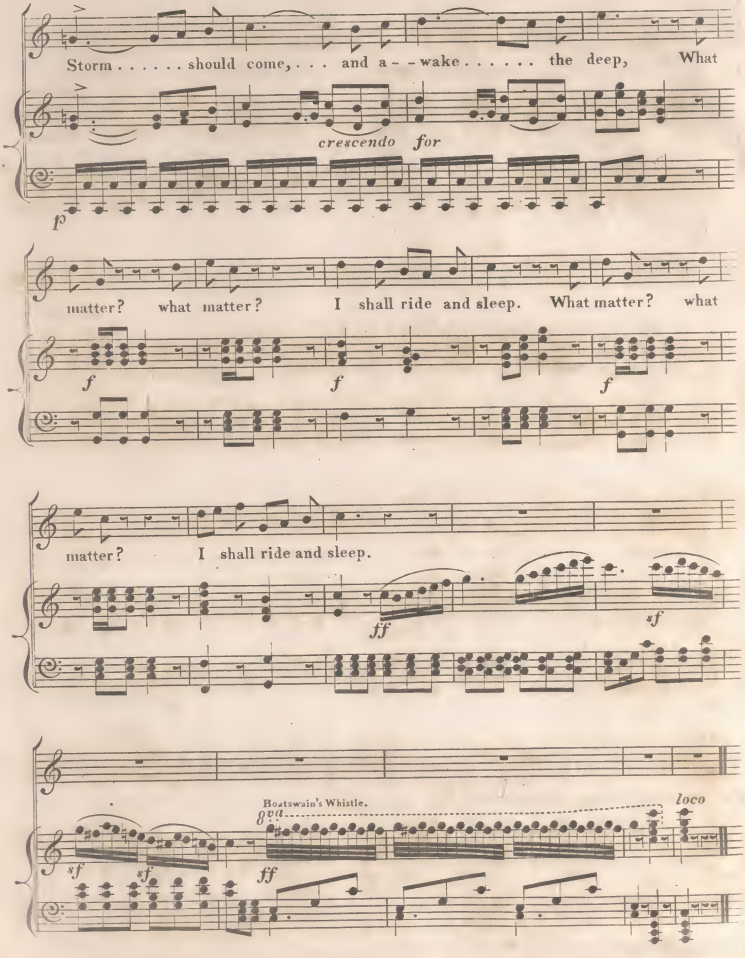

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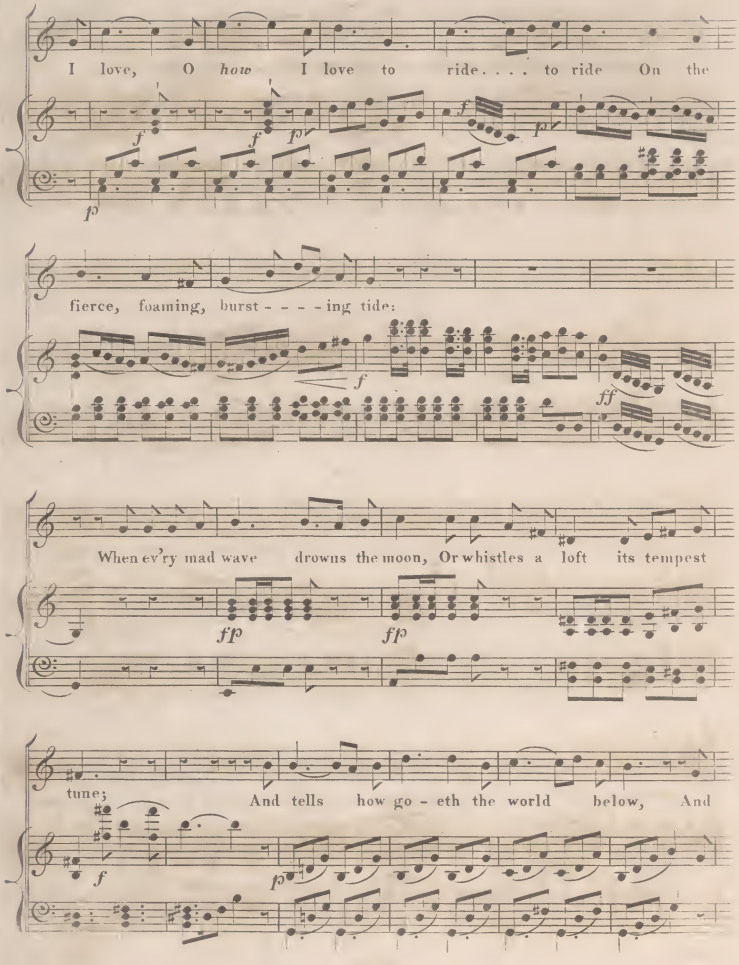
I love, O how I love to ride . . . . to ride On the
fierce, foaming, burst - - - - ing tide:
When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles a loft its tempest
tune; And tells how go - eth the world below, And

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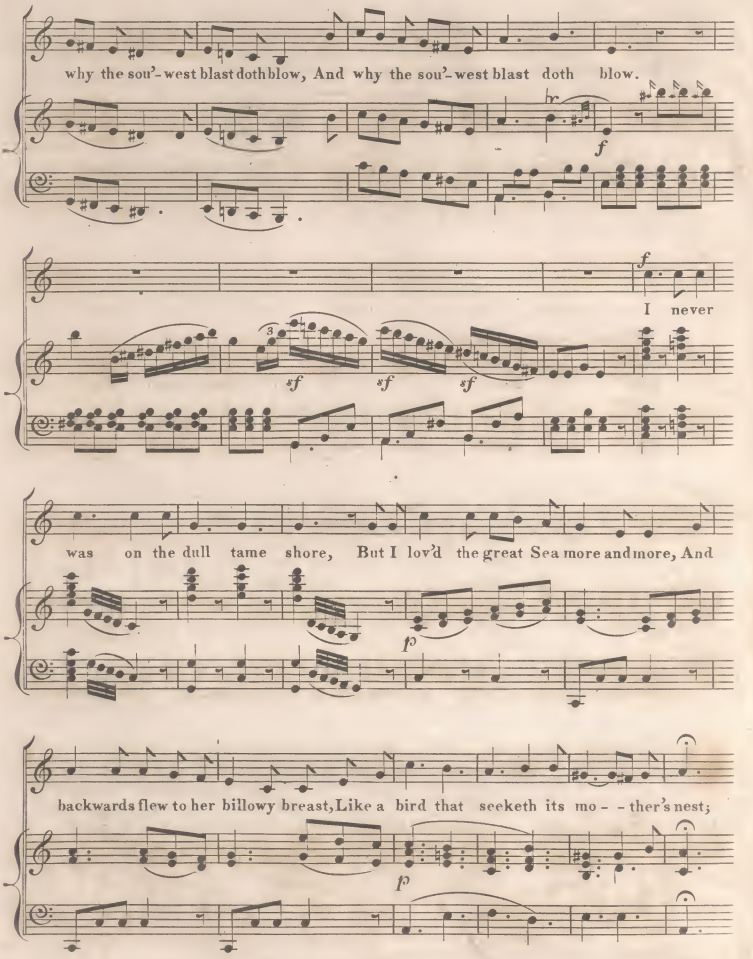
why the sou'-west blast doth blow, And why the sou'-west blast doth blow.
f
f
I never
sf
sf
sf
was on the dull tame shore, But I lov'd the great Sea more and more, And
p
backwards flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mo - - ther's nest;
p

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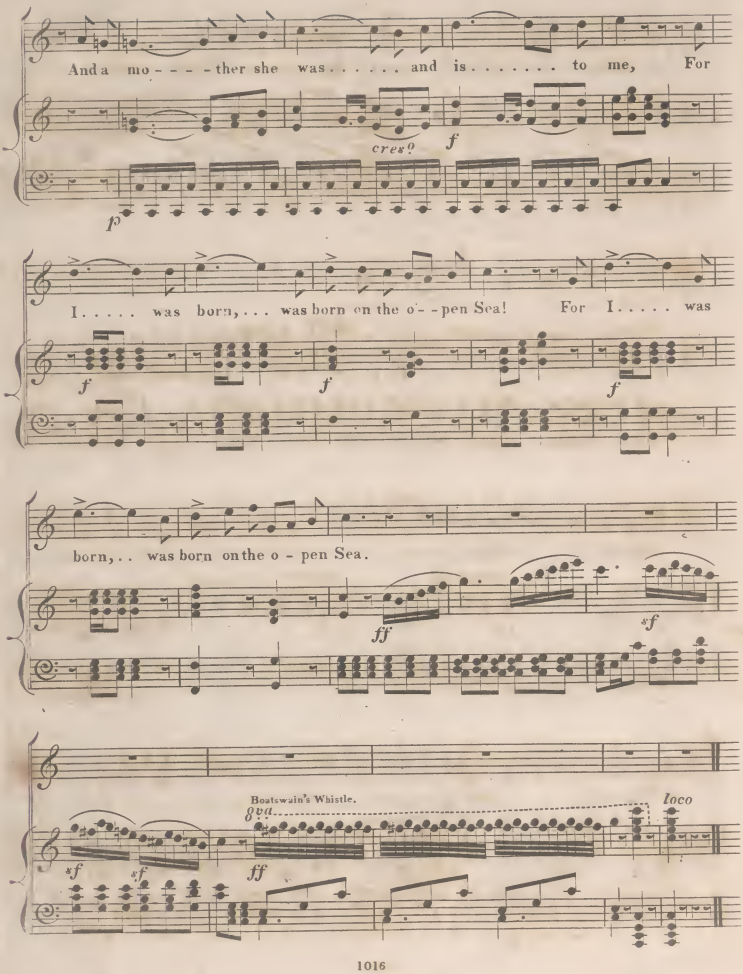
And a mo - - - - ther she was . . . . . and is . . . . . to me, For
cresº
p
f
I . . . . . was born, . . . was born on the o - - pen Sea! For I . . . . . was
f
f
f
born, . . was born on the o - pen Sea.
ff
sf
Boatswain's Whistle.
8va
loco
sf
sf
ff

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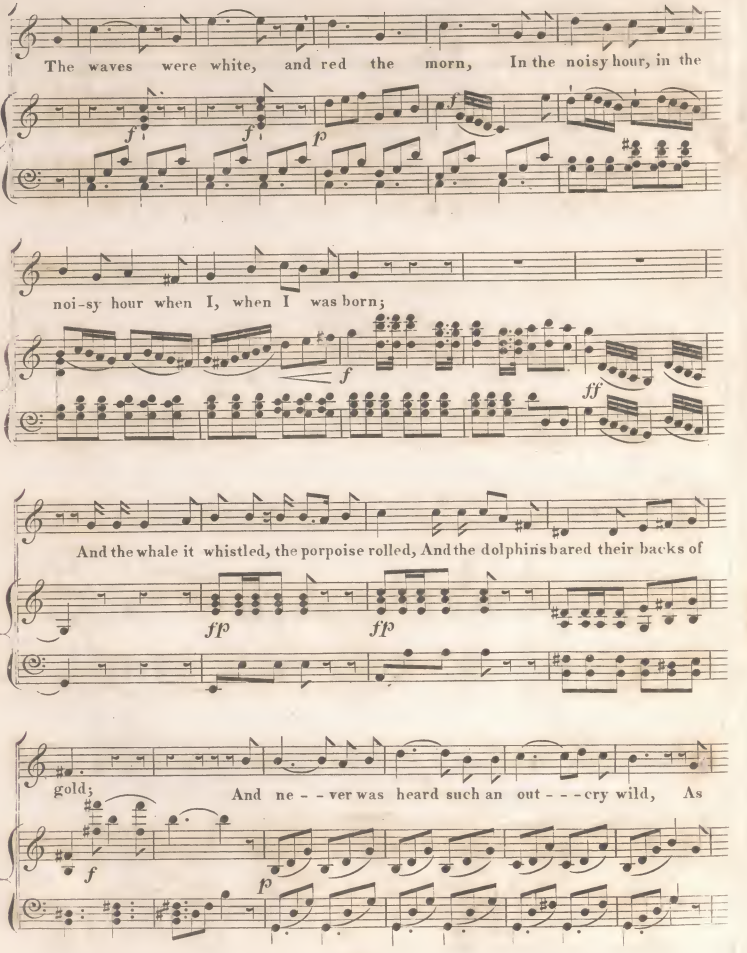
The waves were white, and red the morn, In the noisy hour, in the
noi-sy hour when I, when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled, And the dolphins bared their backs of
gold; And ne - - ver was heard such an out - - - cry wild, As

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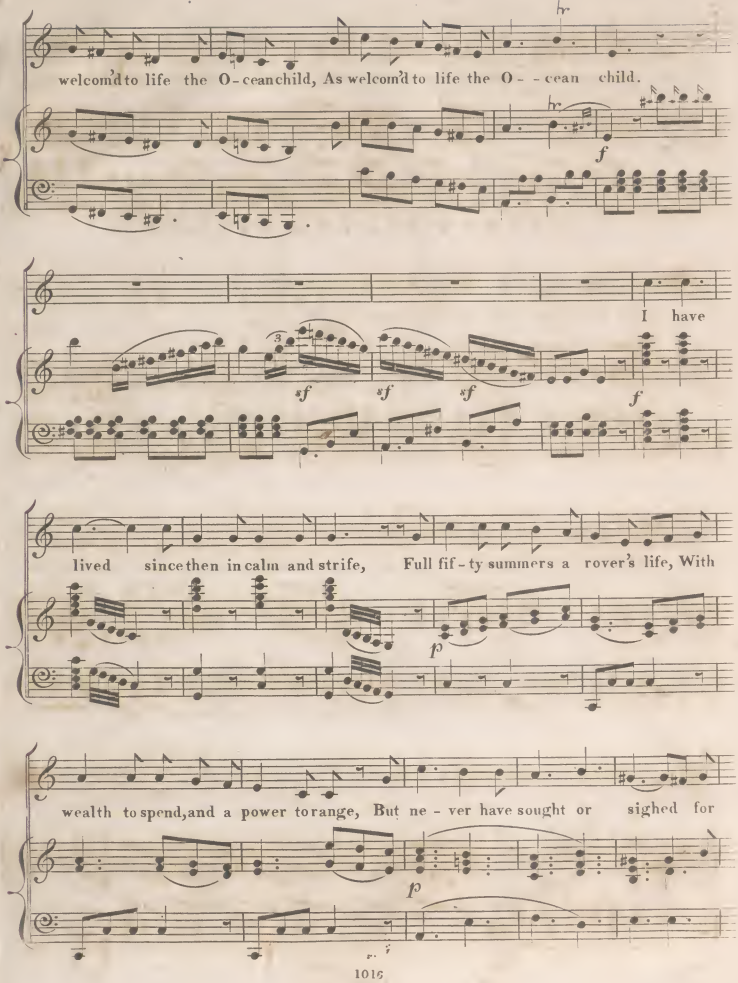
welcom'd to life the O-ceanchild, As welcom'd to life the O- -cean child.
f
I have
sf sf sf f
lived since then in calm and strife, Full fif-ty summers a rover's life, With
p
wealth to spend, and a power to range, But ne-ver have sought or sighed for
p

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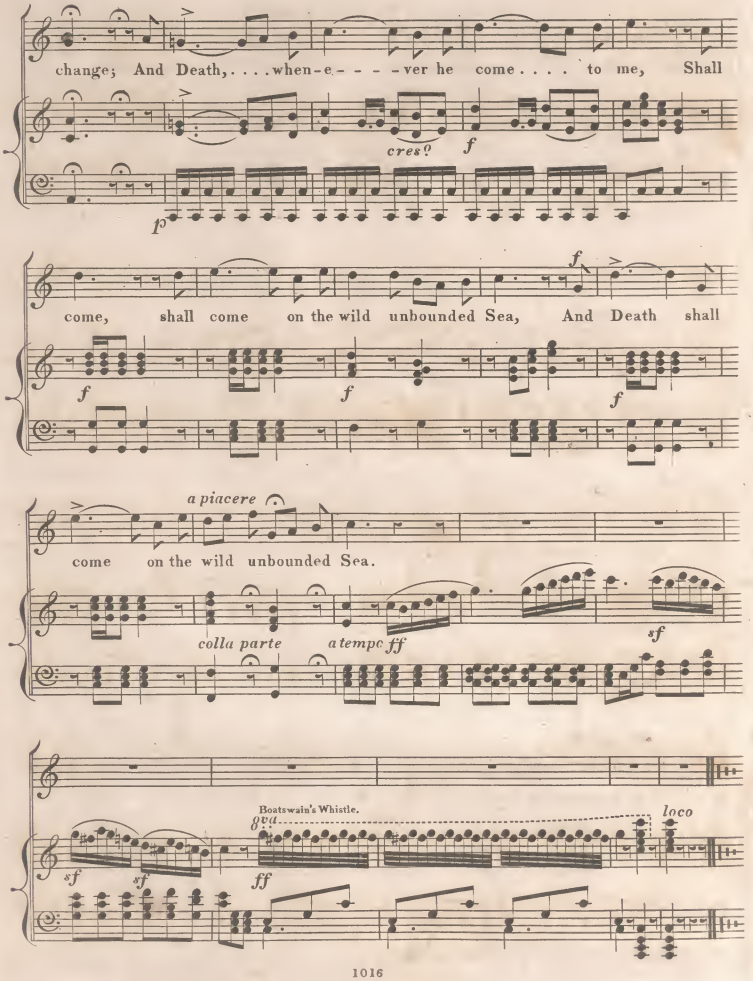
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